

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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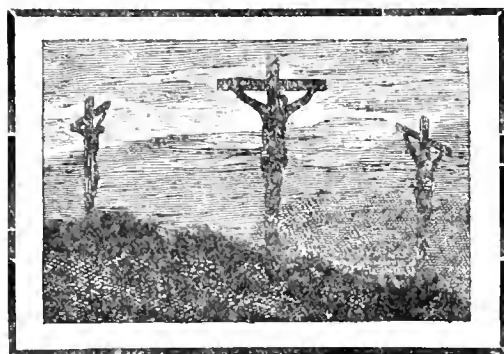
APRIL, 1906.

[Published Quarterly].

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The Sign of the Cross.

The Salvation of our Race from the unhappy and demoralised state into which, on account of



evolutionary necessity, it has been permitted to fall, was not completed, as so many people suppose, when the Great Exemplar of transcendent Manhood consummated at Jerusalem

His life-long manifestation of perfect supremacy over physical conditions.

The possibility of our complete emancipation from bondage to the dominance and limitations of the lower or physical self was thus revealed; the sublime fact that a human body can be transformed into a perfect instrument of the higher or spiritual Self was thus exalted; but the work of uplifting mankind to spiritual realization and freedom still remains to be fulfilled.

And our Lord bequeathed to his true disciples and followers of every Age the stupendous task of completing the accomplishment of the Divine Purpose, by striving individually to attain the overcoming life, and, ultimately, under His direction and influence, to achieve the restoration of the whole human race to physical and spiritual Health and to the conditions of that sphere where Harmony and Love reign supreme.

**The Cross
for every
Christian.**

necessitates.

No human soul who aspires to be worthy of being called a "Christian" can evade the obligation to bear, voluntarily, some portion of the Cross of self-denial and sacrifice which the work of Redemption

The prevalent idea that we can reach the heavenly state which constitutes the Christ-sphere—the realm of

altruistic love where dwell God's elect ones—without any real effort to follow the path trodden by the Master-Christian, is as delusive as it is absurd.

And much of our prevalent spiritual impotence, our lack of real spiritual experience and joy, the soul-weariness and leanness that are so apparent in religious circles on every hand, and the popular neglect of religion by the masses of Christendom, are simply the results of the futile attempt that has been so persistently made, to foist upon the world a presentation of Christianity which ignores the real significance of the Cross as the symbolic emblem of genuine discipleship.

Orthodoxy of creed has been substituted for orthodoxy of heart; ceremonial service for self-sacrificing endeavour to combat evil and to promote social amelioration; and monetary offering for consecrated lives.

And thus the sublime affirmation "Christianus Sum!" which in the early days constituted presumptive evidence of real consecration, of spiritual experience, of evangelistic zeal, of loyalty to great ideals—and even of readiness to face the scourge, the lions, or the stake—to-day means, in only too many instances, nothing more than a desire to secure as much happiness in the next world as possible on the cheapest possible terms.

If there is any strenuous spade-work to be done for God and Righteousness, we find, only too often, instead of a crowd of eager aspirants for the privilege of doing it, a general tendency to leave the task to some salaried or conspicuously devoted worker. "I pray thee have me excused, for I am busy seeking pleasure and the furtherance of my own ends," represents the attitude of only too many of those who regard themselves as soldiers of the army of Christ.

If any great Cause or Principle—"God's New Messiah"—claims consideration, allegiance, and perhaps self-denial in some form, a similar plea is heard. "It would be so inconvenient in my position to take a pronounced attitude for what I know is Right, or to sacrifice any of my interests or comforts for its advancement."

And thus the blessed Way of the Cross, of which at this Lenten season and Eastertide we are so appropriately reminded, instead of being regarded as a great incentive to high endeavour, and to faithful and increased effort to do the Divine Will and to seek at all costs the interests of the Kingdom of God, is merely looked

upon as a sacred historical event that deserves our annual recognition and reverence.

Few indeed are they who are made to feel at this season the constraining influence of the wonderful tragedy that took place in Palestine so long ago, or to realize the holy privilege that is offered to every follower of the Christ to *share* his Cross and Passion, and to devote both life and substance for the upliftment of mankind from the elementary and brutal plane to the fair highlands of spiritual consciousness and health.

We are not, in this twentieth century, called to face persecution and death as disciples of our Lord. The work of world-redemption has proceeded so far as to render the supreme test of genuine allegiance to Him, and to the Christian Ideal, seldom possible of application.

But are we not therefore under the greater obligation to *live* for the fulfilment of his great work, so that he may see the results of the travail of his soul and be satisfied? And unless we do so, how can we win our way to the circle of those overcoming ones who are able to breathe the atmosphere of that Heaven where He dwells?

The salvation of mankind from soul-blighting ignorance, from transgression of divinely-ordained Law, and from the pain and sorrow which inevitably follow such transgression, will be *our* chief concern if we 'have the spirit of the Christ' and are therefore His.

We shall feel that we must 'be about our Father's business,' just as he did, if we, also, are conscious of our filial relationship to the Divine Being.

And though times and circumstances have changed, and different remedial methods may be required, we shall feel constrained to go about the world doing good in the most practical way we can find—removing the things that hinder the work of Redemption, and preparing the way for the coming of the Kingdom of Righteousness and Love.

The Terms of Discipleship.

The terms of Christian discipleship have not changed, although the popular conception of the great vocation has become so weak and sickly. The words of the Master still remain for our instruction:—

"If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow Me."

We can follow *other* Leaders while still recognising our own small mundane interests as being supreme. But not this Jesus of Nazareth!

If we aspire to be numbered amongst His friends and true followers, and to be permitted to have spiritual communion with Him, and with those who have obtained entrance to His sphere, we must fulfil the conditions of that sphere and '*live the life*.' And only by such a way can we become Initiates and enter the Kingdom.

His earliest followers went forth, regardless of the dust and heat of the Syrian roads and of the prevalent bigotry and scepticism, to proclaim to the multitudes the good news of a possible deliverance from sickness, sin and sorrow, through Repentance (amendment of deeds) and Faith (genuine belief in the saving power of God as exhibited by the Great Master of spiritual truth and Exemplar of perfected and divine manhood).

And so must we go out from the narrow circumscribed sphere of our small personal concerns and interests, and proclaim by our pens, our voices, or our

personal example and influence, this same Gospel of a possible salvation from the transgression of God's physical and moral Laws, and from the penalties and afflictions which follow such transgression.

It is our high privilege, unworthy and most imperfect still though we be, to point out the way of obedience and deliverance to the multitudes who, through ignorance, are sinning and suffering; and to say to them, as our Great Master did, "Go in peace and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." And we, like the first seventy Christian missionaries, who were, probably, just as imperfect as ourselves, may exalt the great Ideal of a transcendent spiritual life for every child of man.

We need not wait to be ordained, or to take 'holy orders' from men. If we *know* whereof we speak, and have experienced the blessedness of the purified, sanctified and law-abiding life, and can truly exclaim, "To share Thy Cross, this is my choice," we may, as Christians, feel that we are commissioned to make known to our brethren in this world the way of salvation from physical and spiritual disease.

If we have proved for ourselves the efficacy of seeking 'God's saving Health' by such practical means as obedience to hygienic and moral Law, we can at once begin to make known to others the good news of a possible emancipation from their sorrowful bondage.

The Need of Christendom.

The sin-stricken multitudes of Christendom are in dire need of a practical presentation of Christianity. They want salvation in *this* world, rather than in the next.

They want to know how to escape the surgeon's knife, and untimely death; the malignant diseases and social evils which are caused by the blood-stained food of Egypt; the fierce grip of Dipsomania; and distressful bondage to carnality and soul-blindness.

And if we have found a remedy for these afflictions, and its efficacy has been proved by *facts*, and by our own personal experience, let us in God's name, and as humble representatives of Christ, publish it far and wide—and cheerfully give our time and strength and money to such truly beneficent and Christlike work.

Thousands have already been helped to regain health, harmony and happiness. Earnest reformers have preached to them the gospel of a simplified, and hygienic life, and physical salvation has come to their homes by such means. And when *physical* salvation is experienced, moral and spiritual salvation is rendered possible, and is likely soon to follow.

But millions are still in need of this Evangel, and, unless it is taken to them, they will die in their sins in the wilderness, through neglect on the part of those who might have ministered to them, to point the way to the Promised Land, and to encourage them to put forth faithful effort to reach it.

They are feeding upon the dead bodies of diseased animals, and are thus desecrating the Tabernacle of God.

By eating blood-laden food they are fortifying their lower nature to resist the beneficent influence of the Spirit, and are bringing upon themselves and their children physical affliction, soul-blindness and spiritual loss. And they are doing these things because they have never been taught that dire consequences follow such action.

Christendom presents a melancholy spectacle of nations so familiar with slaughter and bloodshed that they are ever ready to slaughter each other; so demoralised by habitual barbarity that they are relentless in their cruelty to every other race of God's creatures; so poisoned by the toxic waste elements contained in the food they consume that insanity, degeneracy and suffering are everywhere apparent.

And the only effectual remedy for this deplorable state of things is a general return to purity and humanity in diet, and thus to harmony with Nature's Laws and to obedience to God's clearly-expressed intention and command.

And outside the vast family of humankind, millions of our 'lesser brethren' of the animal world are looking to us to save them from the knife and axe, by challenging the bloody and barbaric customs that prevail throughout our own and other Christian lands, and by working to bring about the abolition of the same.

We must be as Christs to them, and bring them salvation from human tyranny and oppression. Thus may we prove ourselves to be the Sons and Daughters of God for whose appearing the whole creation has waited, groaning and travelling in pain until now.

As we commemorate at this Eastertide the great event that symbolised on the material plane, and in our small world, the Eternal Cross that throughout the Ages has been universally uplifted and sanctified by God and His representatives of the Christ-sphere, let us in the silence of some sacred Temple, whether made by human hands or not, ask the solemn question,

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

And having received the Baptism of the Spirit, let us sign ourselves anew with the Sign of the Cross, realising the solemnity of our action, and go forth to labour for the world's Redemption.

Sidney H. Beard.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

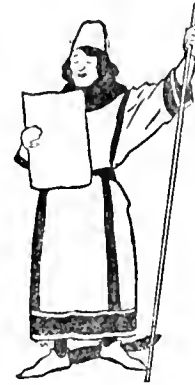
O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Interesting Facts.

The only Frenchman who can boast of having seen Napoleon cross the Alps is an old centenarian pedlar named Botta, living at Cannes. He is stated to have been a vegetarian all his life. Another vegetarian, aged 101, named Patrick Vallely, has just died at Middleton, Co. Armagh.



Hippocrates, as early as the year 400 B.C., advocated the omission of breakfast as a cure for indigestion.

The Vegetarian Federal Union has appointed Mr. Allen S. Walker as an Official Lecturer. He is prepared to address meetings by arrangement.

In 1747, John Wesley wrote to the Bishop of London:—"Thanks be to God! Since I gave up meat and wine I have been delivered from all physical ills."

An important Walking Race held under military and test conditions recently at Berlin was won by a total abstainer from flesh food, Herr E. Rath. The weight of a full military marching equipment had to be carried (67 lbs.), and the distance was 31 miles. There were 36 competitors, including the champion walker of Berlin, Kruger. Rath covered 6½ miles in the first hour, and won by 22 minutes in the remarkable time of 6 hours 31 minutes. The champion (a flesh-eater) was beaten by 42 minutes. The third position was also won by a vegetarian.

Rev. H. S. Clubb states that the Armies of Europe and America are re-modelling their rations in consequence of the Japanese stamina and health. Less meat and more cereal and nut food will be the diet of the soldier henceforth.

General Booth is reported to have stated in his Annual Message to the Salvation Army, "I still stick to my simple diet which seems to answer the purpose of keeping me in vigour and spirit. I have not taken flesh, fowl or fish for the last seven years and during this time have scarcely missed a public engagement." The General is nearly 80 years of age and is one of England's greatest workers. This testimony is a very significant one.

A Fruit Luncheon and Tea Saloon has been opened at 231, Tottenham Court Rd., London. Food Reformers are invited to encourage other caterers to do likewise.

A perfect substitute for cow's butter has now been discovered and placed upon the market by Mr. Hugh Mapleton. It is called 'Table Nutter,' is made entirely from nuts and is free from all animal matter, and it tastes just like ordinary butter. Nutter (the cooking quality) is also one of the best forms of vegetable fat for frying and making pastry.

Many varieties of a most delicate soap that is free from animal fat and also from soda (which hardens and destroys the skin) are now being made from plant ash and oil in Ireland by D. Brown and Son, Ltd., Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

Sister Drudgery and her Roses.

The story of Cinderella is a very charming one. It helps girls who are chained to the drudgery of the scullery to know that sometimes the

King chooses his consort from among the pots and pans.

We cannot read of the beautiful fairies of ages past and of their constant work for the comforting and helping the sick at heart, and the broken in body, without being enthused with hope.

Upon us, too, may come the halo of an angel visit, and into the scullery of our lives perchance a fairy may one day come, and if she finds us hard at work she may transform our clogs into golden slippers, our gnarled and soil-stained hands into dainty fingers, our toil-bent backs to supple beauty, and all our buckets and brushes into precious cabinets of still more precious gems.

Sister Drudgery, I am going to look at you, and to see if you are as ugly as some would paint you.

I have begun to learn to be somewhat suspicious as I grow older in years. I used to think that things that were painted black, were black *all through*, but I know better now.

All is not dross that does not glitter, and uncut diamonds may look no better than a lump of dull glass.

Sister Drudgery, you with your dirty face and towzled hair, and soot-grimed hands, from whom people turn away, and whom every Society-woman shuns. I am going to hold your head between my hands and look into your eyes, frown you ever so horribly, and when I read deep down into your soul I shall know whether you are the callous, grinding tyrant that they paint you, or whether you are a fairy, only got up into bogey dirty clothes to try and test people with.

Work Commences in the Cradle.

When I saw the babe new born, I sat beside the little morsel of life and I said to myself, "Here will I seat myself for days, and weeks, and years if need be, until one day Sister Drudgery will come and speak to this child, and it will open its eyes and look with wonder upon the new visitor whom it has never seen before.

I shall see then whether the vision of Sister Drudgery is repellant or attractive, whether she terrifies by a horrid glare, or whether she soothes by a kindly smile."

But even here—upon the very threshold of life—sat the elder sister of the human race.

Even the helpless offspring, puny and naked, and unprotected as it was, was met at the entrance gate of its life by Sister Drudgery's commands.

One might have thought that here at least there would be a freedom from work, and that a kindly nature would have provided food for the new comer with bounteous hand and free.

But it was not so. Sister Drudgery stepped in and laid her grip upon the fragile babe, and bade it suck ere it could find food.

And when I tried what sucking for a living meant, I found the work so tiring that I returned to my hewing of wood and drawing of water, and thought it easier by comparison.

Ah, Sister Drudgery, thy hand is laid upon the cradle, and hardly dost thou lift it from the coffin lid.

Work is Demanded of us All.

Work, then, I found was an obligatory condition of life.

If it be obligatory, we may just as well make the best of it, and sing over it, instead of making the worst of it and be always growling and grumbling as we do it.

If we take the worst possible view of life, and if we consider work to be an unmitigated evil, yet if it cannot be helped, and if it be a necessity which we have to endure, we had much better be brave over it and not spend our time in cowardly whinings.

Even if the drudgery of this world of ours be a burden of hopeless weight which is inexorably chained to us, we may just as well cheer each other along the hard road with sonorous chants, and throw in a few smiles every day for our fellow sufferers' benefit, or even clank our chains in rhythmic unison, to make the days pass easier and shorten the hours of the dragging night.

So, Sister Drudgery, whether I will it or not, whether I like you or not, whether I hate you or not, I must needs have you as my elder sister and I will bravely try to sing my morning hymn with you and harmonise my chants of evensong to the cadence of your voice.

The Idle Rich Ones.

There was a time when I envied the riders in carriages and those who occupied the soft seats of the mighty.

Until I knew them I used to think that they must be supremely happy in toil-less leisure.

But when I came to them I found that they groaned just as loudly and whined just as miserably as the peasant's wife at her washtub, about the hardness of their lot and the burden of their drudgery.

Until I knew them I thought that they were free from the Sistership of Drudgery, but when I came to them I found that those who wore fine linen and fared sumptuously every day were as tightly chained in her embraces as those whose garb was of sackcloth and whose food was as Spartan as it was spare.

And then I tried for myself, and I shut myself in a room without book or pen or paper, and in the full joy of wakefulness I determined to spend a day in conscious idleness.

I will no longer envy the idle, I said, for I, too, will idle, and I will sit down and enjoy my idleness, and enjoy it to the full!

But scarce an hour could I sit alone and in silence and unoccupied. The monotony became intolerable, the difficulty of sitting absolutely idly still became so irksome that in glad relief I went out and scrubbed a floor and sang as I scrubbed—oh, blessed Sister Drudgery!

The drudgery of killing time was the most wearisome of all forms of drudgery, and then I understood why masters find the task of making boys sit still to be so difficult. It is because absolute idleness is the hardest drudgery of all!

Oh, blessed Sister Drudgery. Thou dost not spare the rich nor lay thy burdens on the poor alone.

Thy hand is on all the sons of men to bless them with thy touch, and those who seem to toil not, and are objects of envy, often find themselves most wearied by the burden of living.

More people of the so-called "leisured classes" commit suicide than of the so-called "labouring classes"—so that, whatever outside critics may think, those who are the chief parties concerned, and who are best able to judge, prove by their actions that the touch of Sister Drudgery is less heavy upon those who obtain rest by toiling, than upon those who suffer great toil by idling.

Our Illusions.

Children all think that the lives of grown-ups are haloed round with the nimbus of idleness, and that when they, too, are grown up, their days of drudgery will be done.

Women often think that men do not know what work is. A man, they say, goes up to the city with other men, just like a jolly picnic, and spends all day long in merely sitting at the desk or talking with other men. If only he had the cares and worries of a household to look after he would soon know what drudgery was.

Men, too, often take up the same critical story. Women, they say, only play their lives away and have no idea what real hard work is.

What hardship can there be in just dusting a room out, or arranging flowers for the table, or sauntering round the shops buying things?

And so the tale goes round. Children envying their grown-ups, unable to understand anything but their own cares and worries, and then getting greatly disillusioned when their own time of manhood and womanhood has come.

Sister Drudgery seems to be afar off from other people and other stations in life, but when we come to the distant post and take up the privileges we have longed to enjoy, we find that our Elder Sister has been there all the time and is there awaiting us still.

Men envy the worklessness of women because they have never tried to keep house on a dole, or had to live day in, day out, in the same few rooms, with the same irritating noises and tempers of the same irritating people and things, and the same monotony of washing and cooking and cleaning, and cleaning and cooking and washing month after month.

Let a man try six months of washing dishes and washing babies and washing clothes, with no prospect beyond, and he will soon change the phrase from "blessed be drudgery" to "that blessed drudgery," but he will mean something quite different,

The same thing is equally true of women.

A woman thinks a man's work easy because she does not know what it is. Set her to keep her own few household books and she will tell you that she would rather turn out half a dozen rooms than make up the month's accounts "because the columns and figures never will add up the same twice running!"

Give her the man's freedom that she craves for and envies, let her take up factory work side by side with men, and it will not be long before she will use her most persuasive power to let some well loved man allow her to give up her "ease" and take up the "drudgery" of being his home keeper for life!

This, then, is the lesson of life.

Sister Drudgery is with us as an obligation—let us, then, like men and women of high and holy courage, face our fate and meet it with a cheerful face.

If work be an obligation of life, let us do it cheerfully and bravely, and not with slinking cowardice go whining all our lives away like curs that have no breeding.

Work makes Character.

If I am in trouble and want some guidance or some real help, I would not go to those fair butterfly men who are working hard at doing nothing.

To those who have borne the toil and stress, to those whose shoulders have been broken down and whose backs have been galled by the burden, do I turn for counsel and for help.

To widen and deepen and heighten character, a man must have toiled long days and late have taken rest.

It is not among the idlers that you find the saints or heroes, but wherever you discover a great man, you may rest assured that you have found a loyal and chivalrous devotee of fair Sister Drudgery.

Happy Sister Drudgery. Happy in your worshippers. Some gods have their temples filled with the dissolute and the worthless, but at your shrine they are the best of men and the saintliest of women who kneel and pray.

Laborare est orare is the motto which is engraved on all Life's temples.

If Character building be one of the highest objects of our sojourn on this earth, and if Sister Drudgery be one of the truest guides to the great temple of Character, well may we welcome her and place our offerings at her shrine.

Hail, great Sister, beloved of the gods. To thee do I offer my homage, and though thy chains be of weighted brass, yet will I bind them unto me, that thou mayest lead me to the realms of the blest.

And I looked through life, and I saw those who had worked, and I saw those who had idled, and I envied the idlers no more.

To Character is attached a Destiny, and Character comes through the strenuous hands of the Sister of Toil.

The world is full of foolish voices, talk and yet again eternal talk, but it is strenuous toil alone that carries men upward and ever upward to the throne of God.

"I am weary of your supplications," says the King of Heaven, and your mouth worship and your sacrifice of slaughtered animals, as if *your* words and *their* deaths would do away with the need for honest living labour of your own.

"Your hands may be full of blood and your mouths full of prayers, but I want more than this, I want those works which are the ever present fruits of a living faith."

A man may do much work, and have but little Character, but he cannot have much Character, without having done more than a little work.

If, then, work be an essential for Character building let me demand my fullest share of life's most strenuous toil, that for me, too, there may be a chance of possessing some share in that most priceless treasure.

**The
Coming
Harvest.**

Sister Drudgery whispers at times of the roses that bloom when summer is with us, and of the golden fruits that fill her hands in autumn-tide.

Sit by me, Sister, and tell me something of the future, cheer me in my hours of lonely weariness by your songs of harvest, and when the wintry chill is striking me to the bone, warm me by your promises of sunshine, and when my soul faints in hungering despair, stay me with a living faith in the fruitage that shall come.

To-day's work is to-morrow's treasure.

Ah, Sister Drudgery, I have caught an inspiration from your song.

No more will I grudge the days that I have spent on pots and pans, no more deplore the weary hours of toil and moil, for all the time I find that I have been carrying home rich stores of grain for use and joy in the great hereafter.

Work on, brave kitchen drudge. Toil on, you rustic clodbreaker. If only you could see the other side of the tapestry, you would marvel at the beautiful imagery that your clumsy hands are threading out.

Be glad and rejoice with joy unstinted that you have strength and stay enough to work the full day out.

There are some who are bidden to work on short time, but for them there will be a smaller pay-day when life's little week is up.

For you who are allowed to work on full time, and are not restricted from overtime employ, there are piling up shekels upon shekels to the paymaster's hand.

Go forth and plough in the winter barren days in full assurance that in the hereafter your furrows will be filled with fruitage.

Go forth and sow in faith, in conscious knowledge that your sowing will be crowned with a harvest one glad day.

Work on, dear heart, work on, work hard, work full and free, at any work that comes unto your hand, for in the working there is already a harvesting being laid for the hereafter.

So only that your work is honest work and is not skulking sham veneer, so only that your heart's best zeal is mingled with your blacking and your soap, and that the oil of true sincerity anoints your hands in all their scrubbing, then shall your joy be great in one great coming day.

You shall be like the happy farmer who goes round his barns and finds them full of golden grain—the garnering of the winter's toiling.

If your work be hard, rejoice; if your toil be foul, with songs of gladness brighten all the day. If your drudgery be desperate, look up and keep your eyes fixed on the golden gates behind which your treasure is being stored.

**The
Divinity
of Work.**

Another voice comes down from Heaven and bids me rejoice in my drudgery.

A voice which says to me, "*Work is divine*"; for me long days of thousand, thousand years the great Creator toiled and drudged.

"Down into the lowest slime He sunk his Godly beauty, and in all the cosmic ooze and sediment He laboured on and ceased not day nor night.

"No pot or pan so dirty as the pristine midden on which God toiled. No floor so hard to scrub as those old glassy rocks of adamant from which His thunder-laden fingers ground out dust.

"No scullery so cold and cheerless as those Eternal snows and biting, dreary frost-nipped plains on which He worked to make some life to live.

"No comping-room or stoke-hole half so hot as those volcanic lava streams and steaming sulphurous craters on which He poured His strenuous drudgery to make the myriad niches for infusorial slime to rest and multiply upon.

"No lonely toil so lonely as those long aeons spent alone by God. No comrade possible. No emulation thinkable. A pure all-living drudgery. Supremely beautiful!"

Oh ye who toil the live-long day, be glad, for in the footsteps of the God Divine you, too, are treading.

Oh ye who work alone and see no profit from your work, be glad, be proudly glad, for in the silence of a myriad, lonely nights God worked alone and still works on.

Oh ye whose tender hearts are bruised and ache, when all your work is tumbled down by Gothic hands, and when the fruit of all your labours only wins a sneer, or half contemptuous tolerance—be glad, and sing a hymn of praise to God whose work is always being marred by brutal weaklings, and all whose majesty of million years of toil, as shown in flowers and fruit and sparkling dewdrops, and in wild birds' carol, and in the wonder of karyokinetic mystery—is treated by the race of pigny men as so much commonplace.

If God has toiled in loneliness and in patience, and has stooped to drudgery, and still lowlier than drudgery, shall I not sing in reverent hymnody for very joy?

For am I not a fellow-worker in my drudgery with the great King of Kings, the Emperor of all the Emperors?

Is not my sweet Sister Drudgery the closest dweller to the regnant throne of sardonyx, and through her kinship can I not claim a reverent comradeship with creation's God?

Ah, me, how have I ever dared to sneer at drudgery or call it common, and think it only fit for menial hirelings to do.

What God has done can only honour me to try to do.

Hail, Sister Drudgery, let me rejoice in all my glorious toil. There is no work too menial, or too low for me henceforth. For all work honours those who try to do it well.

And still to-day, on every hand, the message of the toil divine lies plain to view.

In earth's sculleries and kitchens, in night's silence and loneliness, in filth and dirt and foul corruption day and night, the loving God is ever drudging, drudging, drudging, to transform the foul to fair, the loathed things to lovely ones, and all that seems too menial to touch, into the golden sheen that haloes royalty.

Oh, that I should walk with blinded eyes through life, and talk of menial work, and work beneath my dignity to do, when God's great fingers are ever busy in the soil and sewage and in the midden filth, drudging and blessing, hallowing and transforming.

Henceforth, if I should see some work, which I should think is far too menial for me to do, I shall know that I am not divine enough to do it.

There is no drudgery too menial for God to do.

The Aristocracy of Labour

I have had to train many nurses, and I have learned by experience that the daughter of a duchess will not scruple to turn up her dress and scrub a floor, whereas one who has come from the servant class, often considers such work to be "beneath" her.

I understand it now. There is an aristocracy of blood which draws men nearer to the divine.

The daughter of the duchess would, like a humble follower of the divine, dignify what she touched, but the daughter of the tradesman dare not soil her hands for fear she might be taken for a servant!—and that would be a disgrace!

And yet in all the Churches they read that he who wants to be the greatest must be willing to be the least, and that the great title of honour which the Master took was that of servant of all.

Those who want to find God must seek Him by the aid of Sister Drudgery.

Did not the Master Himself tell us in his divine logia to "cleave the wood and break the stone," and in the heart of each should we find Him hidden.

Be brave, ye toilers in earth's great timber yards, cut and split and saw with zeal, for it is only in the very heart of your work that you will find the great Christ hidden.

Be patient, ye drudges in earth's vast quarries, carve and chisel, blast and hew, for it is only by zeal and heart-whole devotion that you can get into the utmost core of the granite citadel where the King Christ dwells.

Let me go into the summer gardens and into the autumn orchards and learn from the fragrance of flowers and myriad forms of beauty and spicy odours and manifold flavours and juicy delicacies, something of the beauty of that divine drudgery which I would imitate.

Taking of the foulest and the most loathsome, taking of the foetid and the repulsive, God handles them without repugnance, and with the magic mystery of sanctified drudgery, transforms them into the fairest and the most beautiful, into the daintiest and the most exquisite, into the sweetest of all art's treasures.

Let me, then, humbly follow in the footsteps of the Creator and be willing to begin at the bottomest drudgery that I, too, may help to make sweet out of bitter, fair out of foul, songs out of groanings.



The Transcendence of Drudgery.

The gospel of the lily is the gospel of joy, the gospel of the great transformation. All night long the lily bulbs are taking up the rank and foul from round their roots, and all day long the lily cells are singing songs of joy as they build up their wondrous towers and hang the glorious bells upon the crowned steeple.

Ere the summer is well come the giant stems have been built up cell by cell; ere the sun has reached his greatest heat, the myriad cells have danced along the pathway and boated up the rich sap river ways, bringing up loads of material for the building of the great white virgin bell, or the scarlet pigment for the majestic Imperialis.

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not." . . . Night and day they are busy transforming foul into fair, ugly into beautiful, death into life—and yet they toil not—and yet they toil not! And why?

They have learned the mystic secret of the angels who sang together, "Glory to God in the Highest."

There is no drudgery.

To those who will, there is only joy in life. Joy and yet again more joy.

Let me, then, bid adieu to the sweet Sister Drudgery that was. Drudgery was your maiden name, but now that you have married one of the sons of God your name is changed to Joy.

Through all my life, then, let me follow thee and learn, sweet Sister, the lessons that thou fain wouldst teach me.

Work is obligatory on all the sons of men. Let me, then, face my lot with manly fortitude and do my life's work well.

Work develops Character, and since I want Character as the greatest gift of earth's school of training, I welcome toil.

Work to-day is the laying up of a treasury for to-morrow, and since it is always the to-morrow that is feared, let me prepare a beautiful morrow full of all that my soul may ever need.

God has worked and ever works, and therefore all work will ennoble me to do it.

God transforms the foul into the beautiful by sanctified drudgery.

Let me, then, imitate the divinest example and drudge with the foulest, so only I can make all that I touch more beautiful.

The gospel of the Lily bids me remember that all toil has its golden side. It is only Drudgery on one side, but if rightly transformed it is golden joy on the other.

Hail, Sister Drudgery, Angel of the Roses, Mother of the Lilies, let me be faithful to thy shrine and to thy kinship.

Josiah Oldfield.



REDEEM THE TIME!

The time is short—

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be *now*;

If thou wouldst win the garlands for thy brow,

Redeem the time!

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,

And soon with me the labour will be wrought;

Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender;

The time is short!

H. Bonar.



SPIRITUAL BEAUTY-CULTURE.

Every woman should know in this enlightened age that true beauty—beauty that will bear daily inspection—is born from the individual character that is formed day by day. One may be born with perfect features, beautiful eyes and a handsome form, but if the spirit does not manifest beautiful thoughts and acts through that form, it will never look lovely, except from a long distance; near acquaintance will make it show unloveliness.

Cosmetics, facial massage, physical culture, will not make one beautiful, if that which animates the body manifests ugliness. Women resort to all these means, expecting that it will make them beautiful, but if the character is unlovely they can accomplish nothing.

Lucy A. Mallory.

Towards the Promised Land.

The Humane Diet Movement is the revolt of the finer qualities in man against the bondage of the coarser; the exodus of the true Israel of God from the land of Egypt.



It is the crusade of the spiritual man against the lusts of the animal man; the striving of love against cruelty, of life against death.

And in virtue of this inherent divinity it is inevitably destined to win the day.

Its devotees are not lightly to be set down as a few health faddists and amateur medical cranks. For the mere effect upon the body of the ingestion of animal flesh is not the main issue; nor is it chiefly because many diseases and social ills peculiar to flesh-eating nations would be eliminated by natural diet, that we urge this great Reform.

We take our stand on higher grounds than these. On the spiritual plane itself, the foundation of all that is noblest and holiest in the sanctuary of the spirit, we declare against this criminal destruction of animal life to pander to the grossest appetites of our physical organisms.

We hold that man has not the shadow of a right to cause the needless death of any living creature; and that we are bound to extend towards our companions and fellow pilgrims, the animals, something of that love and mercy and care which we believe God extends to us.

Anthropo- centric Fallacies.

When we have partially convinced the average flesh-eater that the diminution of stomach-aches and pains is not the chief end of vegetarianism, he is wont to produce his trump card and say, "But God sent the animals for our use and food. To which it is pertinent to reply, "Oh, pious flesh-eater, first tell me why God has created man a strictly fruit-eating animal in all his functions." And he will be a bold champion of carnivoracity indeed who will try to confute the wealth of scientific evidence as to man's wholly frugivorous nature.

In view of the acknowledged fact that animals existed for ages before man made his appearance in a solid body among them, those who maintain that the animals were created for man's pleasure and food—the two words are sadly synonymous nowadays—have no need to pray for a good conceit of themselves. They have got it.

For they cannot by any means stop there. Flowers, rivers, forests, seas, mountains, stars, sun, solar system—all things were, also, apparently, created for man's pleasure and use, the devil always excepted. And even he, to give him his due, poor gentleman, must be of some use in developing our moral consciousness.

You may tell the flesh-eater that his anthropocentric view of things is quite out of date, but I would prefer to tell him that the Bible he quotes so glibly condemns the spirit of blind selfishness he shows.

I do not find any statement in the Bible explicitly setting forth that animals were for ever to be the slaves and victuals of man.

And if I did find such a statement it would sadly shake my conviction, not in a God who is Love, and without Whose knowledge not one sparrow can fall to the ground, but in those who have attempted to explain God in terms of themselves, and who limit His illimitable goodness.

Let us, ere we rush off to the Bible to bolster up some doubtful practice with a line torn from its context and related to a much earlier stage in our moral evolution, first search our reason and conscience, together with whatever fragments of common-sense our commerce with the world has left to us, and get their unbiassed verdict on the matter.

Few indeed of those who have turned the temple of the living God into a charnel-house ever stop to consider candidly and seriously what the animals *are* here for, and what is our duty to them. But the day is coming when a nation which calls itself civilized and yet treats its animal members with the callous barbarity of heathenism, will realize what is the price that it has to pay for a system so brutal and tyrannous towards its weaker and humbler units.

Imaginary Difficulties.

When the question of man's divine right over the animals is disposed of, the apologist of flesh-eating is burdened with several gigantic problems.

Whether the earth would not get overstocked with animals did we stop breeding them for consumption?

Whether the teeth would not fall out of our heads if we confined ourselves to the diet of races and animals whose teeth are our envy?

If we would not physically deteriorate from our present lofty "roast-beef-of-old-England" standard?

Whether natural and fruitarian diet is practicable in a climate where all degrees of people have been proving its practicability for many centuries?

If brain-worker and navvy could alike subsist on what has been the chosen food of the greatest philosophers and strongest athletes of all ages?

If it would not throw an army of those who live by taking life, out of an occupation which befouls both body and soul?

But let us leave our altruistic flesh-eater to answer these Titanic arguments himself, for as he propounds them he has already one hand on the halyards of his gory flag. That is not a delicate metaphor, but a man who cheerfully surveys scorched fragments of his fellow-creatures on his dinner table every day, and is content that his wife should finger raw and bleeding flesh in the foul atmosphere of butchers' shops, and stand over the steam of cooked offal, should be able to listen to plain speaking.

If every flesh-eater had to go out with knife or pole-axe and really get his own dinner right from the start of the whole horrible business, he would not be a flesh-eater long.

By deputing the slaughter to others he does not lessen his own responsibility or brutality in the matter; he only says: "the sight and smell of blood and offal makes me sick, but go you and work among blood and offal for me, and I will not need to think about it."

Imagine our well-to-do men and women, our church-goers, our aristocracy and cultured classes battering out the brains of oxen, or watching the warm blood spurt from the cut throats of sheep and pigs.

Imagine the same people gathering from orchard, garden and field those kindly fruits of the earth which are alone necessary for our subsistence; and say which picture is that of a civilised community.

We are too refined to eat our flesh raw in these 'twentieth-century' days, but its *appearance* is all that we need to change, so let us put it over the fire for a little, then we can eat it with our eyes open, and may even offer up thanks for it to the Creator and Sustainer of all life.

Ethical Considerations.

I said that the effect upon the body of the ingestion of animal flesh was not the main issue in the Food Reform Movement, but it is a very important one. We will find it hard enough to subdue those fleshly lusts that war against the soul and make so many of us lower than the beasts of the field, without daily adding to these lusts fresh fuel by the use of stimulating and sense-irritating food.

It is as undeniable to say that what we eat influences our passions and instincts, as it is to say that what we think influences our minds. In proof whereof we have only to look, without the spectacles of cheap patriotism, at the rank and file of our beef-fed British Nation of to-day.

We have heard, and still hear, much about "woman's rights," "the rights of the working man," and the "rights of the individual," but when do we hear of animals' rights, and the right of the soul to control her temple's substance.

It may well be that the growing problems of human rights will be insoluble until we approach them by first recognising their existence among our sub-human races; or rather, that in the solution of the animal question will be found the true key to unlock our own social problems of labour, land, drink, disease and vice.

We are all bound up in the bundle of life by ties, the universality of which we are only beginning to comprehend, and the rusty fetters wherewith we have vainly tried to limit life and love and kinship, are snapping right and left.

Soon the knowledge that the animals are indeed our little brothers in the great House of Life will come to all perceptive men and women.

And when the Emancipator of the animals shall come, methinks *they* will not treat *their* Saviour and Redeemer with that cruelty and indifference which man, "the lord of creation," has meted out to his Avatars.

A Great Reform.

Daily I walk the city streets sickened and saddened by a slavery and oppression, a carnality and savagery, as gross as ever sullied the page of history; and that it is inflicted on creatures inoffensive, defenceless, and voiceless, does not lessen the fiendish barbarity of it.

Humanity and purity in Diet, then, is not a problem to be nicely weighed, pros against cons, and adopted for whatever benefits it may seem to promise our material selves. It is not merely a new idea, to be given a few weeks' trial until something newer turns up. It is not merely a question that may be shirked till a more convenient season.

It transcends all these. For it is a great moral Reform which once conscientiously adopted can never be relinquished; it is the following of a light that must be followed to the end.

It is not that one must feel an actual distaste for flesh-meat before turning one's thoughts on fruitarianism; but simply that when once the great issue and significance of this Reform is seen, and the whole question—though it is really no *question* at all—is honestly and earnestly faced, it straightway becomes an impossibility to eat flesh-food again, or take animal life unnecessarily.

There are, of course, people who will not change their habits however worthless their reasons for them may be, simply because of some trifling inconvenience it might occasion them at first, or because they fear the wonder and ridicule of the ignorant.

There are also those who are so wedded to their ideas that they will go on inventing arguments, which never fail to convince themselves, till the stars fall out of the sky.

But leaving these truly peculiar people to their own queer devices, let us recognize that the antiquity of our habits does not in itself constitute their unimpeachable authority.

If there are one or two weighty arguments against the Food-Reform Movement, by all means let them be brought forward; but when it is found—as it will be found—that they have all been proved utterly weightless over and over again, it is the merest shuffling to go on hunting out hosts of minor objections, which but prove the unwillingness of those who raise them to admit their error and acknowledge Truth.

The Spiritual Significance.

To those whose eyes are open to something more than the contents of share-lists and the columns of the daily papers, to the watchers of the dawn, this Reformation, this Renaissance of Humaneness, is one of the signs of the times.

It is among the harbingers of the Golden Age; one of the indications of the coming of that Kingdom which is not of the world without, but of the world within; for not until the Christ-spirit dwells openly within each one of us will the second coming of the Son of Man and Son of God be.

And it is not inappropriate to say that in this Movement we have an unmistakable sign of a great coming change in man's attitude towards the things which, though not cognisable by any physical perception, are the only true, real, and eternal things of life.

The high flood-tide of materialism is on the ebb. Deep and high has been that tide, so that it has sometimes seemed as though it would sweep all before it. But the turn has come. How many centuries it make take to leave the sands of humanity bare, we do not know.

One thing we do know. Another tide is slowly gathering in the great ocean of Spirit, and surely setting towards our shores. A vast spiritual sea is swelling in majesty out of darkness into light. In our moments of inspiration and vision, we hear from afar the deep murmur of its billows, and catch the gleam of its ethereal purity. It is coming, it is coming!

Brothers, Sisters, let us go out to meet it!

Bertram McCrie.

The Effects of Refined Diet.

Dr. J. Stenson Hooker, M.D., the scientist who developed Professor Blondlot's N. Ray theory, and discovered many facts concerning the



human aura, published some significant statements in the *Daily Express* of Feb. 15th, concerning the refining influence of simple fruitarian diet. Those who are seeking by physical and spiritual culture to win their way to a higher plane of experience and condition will be encouraged by the following utterances made by this eminent medical expert.

"The follower of a reformed diet soon discovers in most cases that he can do with less to eat alto-

gether, and that what nourishment he does take he more thoroughly assimilates and more heartily enjoys.

In consequence of this change in both quality and quantity of food, absorption of unnecessary fat from the tissues takes place, the small muscles of the face are toned up, and they are allowed a freer function, so that we observe, together with some shrinkage of the features, an alteration in the expression, which becomes brighter and more pronounced.

It was said recently of a man who had adopted vegetarianism and the simple life generally that his face was smaller, but more beautiful; and that remark was perfectly true. His eyes were brighter, his lips were more mobile, and his nose had altered in shape. In other words, with part of the animality of the man gone out of him his whole features had become more refined, and his friends were forced to acknowledge his increased alertness and his improved state of general health.

Diet and Beauty.

We must allow, then, that under the influence of a reformed diet the body becomes more symmetrical, the skin is clearer, the eye brighter, the step lighter and more elastic, and there occurs a general sense of well-being to which the flesh-eater has been a stranger.

The very atoms themselves of which all the tissues are composed are actually reduced in size. They become, as it were, cast in a finer mould.

Going still a step further in our inquiry, it must be remembered the finer the atom the more rapid will be its rate of vibration.

The eye is brighter because the rate of vibration of its constituent atoms has been accelerated; or it might be put conversely, they have increased their vibratory activity because they have become diminished in size.

It is all law, immutable, inscrutable, wonderful law—the law of vibration, the law of eternal energy.

Now, in the case of the gross feeder the vibrations of the atoms of which his body is composed are, comparatively speaking, slow, and as the unseen vibrations remain slow, so do most of his actual movements; while, on the other hand, the vibrations of the ultimate atoms which go to

make up the physical organism of the refined feeder will have become accelerated in speed.

It is this element of vibration which is of such vital importance in the case of sickness; in the latter condition the gross feeder is terribly handicapped, while the clean and pure feeder comes in an easy first, to say nothing of the fact that he does not run nearly the risk of having any illness at all.

The True Preventive of Disease.

I assert this fact unhesitatingly, and as an incontrovertible truth. During twenty-five years of general practice my heart has often failed within me when called to patients unwieldy in their obesity, filled with poisons which have germinated in their systems by years of false feeding—usually out of mere ignorance. In this way they had become auto-infected with elements of impure food, or of food they were unable to assimilate. When illness attacked them, what chance indeed had they of recovery? Unhappy meat eaters!

The patient cannot "throw off" the disease, which means that the vibrations are so slow that change of tissue from unhealthy to healthy again cannot take place before exhaustion sets in.

I have seen scores of people, some of them leading otherwise good and useful lives, who have gone prematurely to their death through sheer ignorance of the splendid secret of "keeping body and soul together."

How different the physician feels when called—to an acute case especially—where the patient has been a clean and wholesome liver; with what hope he undertakes the case.

He knows that here Nature will be his handmaid—perhaps, indeed, will do all the work of recovery.

He knows that, with simple measures and general care, change of tissue from bad to good will occur, and all because of the rapid vibration of the atoms which in their aggregate form the various tissues. They are allowed to have their full swing and sway, and the result is—recovery. So that we see in illness the profound influence of a former pure diet.

Far be it from me to assert that in the case of all flesh-eaters the features are not refined or the body not agile; many such are undoubtedly living otherwise on a high plane of thought, and this has induced refinement of feature and even of voice and general expression.

My contention is simply that these good and cultured people would become still more refined in face, in comportment, and in tastes did they adopt the so-called reformed diet. *They are not at their best.* They could increase their good appearance, their fine complexion. They could improve their general carriage and bearing—in a word, their physical conditions generally.

It follows that mentality will become more or less clarified in proportion as the brain receives through its blood supply pure and assimilable nutriment.

If the brain receives the nourishment best adapted for the exercise of its particular function, it will, of course, be able to carry out that function to the best advantage, or, in other words, the healthier the body the healthier and more active will be the mind. The same law of vibration is also operative here; mentation will be quickened because the vibrations on the mental plane are quickened.

Experience appears to prove that simple livers think more clearly after they have changed their diet, that new

thoughts occur more readily, and that ideas flow more spontaneously.

It may be suggested that if this is so we may change all our blockheads into better men by forcing them to become vegetarians. To this, of course, the answer is that all that is claimed is that with a refined diet the thinkers are able to think more clearly, and that, therefore, the mediocre in intellect will have a better chance of having their intellect sharpened, and that the blockhead would be given at least a chance of beginning to think.

Although, of course, there are many men of great acumen and ability who are flesh eaters, I maintain that they are not living at their best, and that they would do still better and more sustained mental work with a change of food.

Pure Diet and Spiritual Culture.

The law of vibration holds good also on the psychical plane, which is a counterpart and reflex of the material. If the atoms comprising the material part of a man vibrate slowly, so will the corresponding spiritual atoms.

It is generally recognised now that there is a subtly invisible, though none the less real, radiation proceeding from us all. We are always, though it may be unconsciously, emanating rays, to which may be given the name of "personal magnetism," the "aura" or "odic force."

Of this fact I personally can have no longer the slightest doubt, having proved it by numberless experiments in the realms of the inner perception. The man who is living a gross life will be surrounded with more or less dark rays, from a deep red to chocolate coloured.

These would be of a slow, heavy, coarse rate of vibration, for we know that when dealing with the physical spectrum the red rays are low down in the scale of vibration.

But if that individual refines himself at all points of his system, these radiations change their rate of vibration—that is to say, their colours; for, as we have seen before, the difference in perceived colours simply means a difference in the rate of vibration in the ether; so many millions of etheric vibrations giving us the perception of red, so many more that of yellow, more still and we have violet, and so on, so that as the individual improves in character and in general living he will lose the dark-red rays and take the lighter ones.

This subtle effluence will be radiating from him for good or for ill, for man both absorbs and radiates light and colour.

Now, it is my contention that the desirable change in colour of the rays thrown off from our bodies may be materially assisted by adopting a refined dietary.

I have in my mind one case, a man who ten years ago was leading an ordinary, anxious life, living on ordinary fare, with unsatisfactory health and poor will power. He was a man of some aspirations, which did not find adequate expression. At this time he was emanating dark green and grey rays. A few years afterwards he had materially changed his mode of living, and had become a more refined feeder and more refined thinker, and the rays which he now threw off were a rosy red lined with grey—the grey disappearing as his anxieties decreased.

The Ideal Man.

It is quite an error to suppose that a man must become a pale, attenuated being in order to be spiritually minded. The ideal would be that he should develop equally on all planes,

and that he should possess a perfectly healthy body, a well-balanced mind, and keen spiritual faculties all dovetailed into one another, forming the perfect whole.

The more simply a man lives with regard to his food the more he is satisfied with the simplicity.

What the man eats he enjoys, and his palate becomes refined in its acuteness of flavour and its appreciation of taste.

Further, the one who adopts the refined diet as a rule ceases to care for strong drinks. I have seen many cases in my practice where instead of the ordinary fare plenty of fruit and the simplest possible diet has been suggested, all desire for alcoholic beverages has ceased.

Undoubtedly, if a simple diet could be popularised among a much larger class of individuals, it would follow that the collective life of the nation would be purer, cleaner, and less criminal; much of the animal would die out of the individual, and therefore out of the people generally; and there would occur a common longing after a life that is sweeter, more beautiful, and more simple.

The man who eats moderately and simply is the man who can best control his temper and his passions; and he it is who can walk through life with composure and serenity. Therefore, it is evident that the question of diet must exert an enormously powerful influence upon the whole social life of a nation."

Before it is Too Late.

If you've a tender message or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it, but whisper it to-day.
We live but in the present, the future is unknown—
To-morrow is a mystery, to-day is all our own.
The tender words unspoken, the letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages, the wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking, for these some loved
ones wait—
So show them that you care for them, before it is too
late.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression. It is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to over-eating, to eating the wrong things and to irregular eating.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

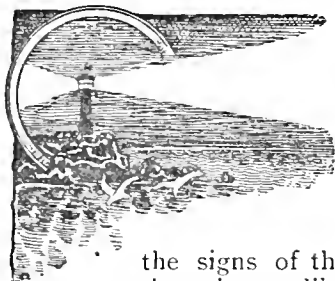
Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Form a habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day.

S. W. Hilton, M.D.

Editorial Notes.

The real nature and extent of the social transformation which is about to happen in the countries of Christendom in consequence of



the coming change in the dietetic habits of the people is not yet generally apprehended.

Many persons are not even yet aware that such a change is impending. Living mentally in a sleepy-hollow, they are unable to perceive

the signs of the times. But the number of these is steadily decreasing as the facts of the case become apparent, and they will ere long be conspicuous by their rarity. For the swelling waves of the Food-Reform Movement, which is destined to make the twentieth century ever memorable, are advancing with irresistible force and steadily increasing volume.

So germinal is the nature of this change of thought and custom, so far-reaching will be its effects, so subtle and profound its influence upon individual and national life, character and conditions, that we need not wonder that men and women who are engrossed in the small happenings of our mundane domestic existence should, as yet, be unable to grasp its true significance or to apprehend it seriously.

Social transformations of great magnitude, while in their initial stage, are, as a rule, only perceived and understood by prophetic and clear-seeing souls who have developed the power to presage the future, to anticipate the events of the coming decades, and to follow the gleam while yet afar.

But to all who have eyes that can see, and hearts that can understand, I would earnestly say:—Come to the aid of those who are battling against the mighty forces of ancestral barbarism and degeneracy, and share with us the blessed privilege of hastening the advent of a more humane and spiritual Age!

* * *

**Progress all
along the
Line.**

During the past quarter our work has again made splendid headway. Most encouraging letters expressing sympathy with our ideals and with our Movement have been pouring in from representatives of all classes of society. Peeresses, Proprietors and Editors of some of our most influential newspapers, Principals of Colleges, Clergymen, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women, have written both to encourage us and to ask for information concerning our work and the way to adopt a pure and humane diet.

So large has been the demand for printed matter that our Secretary has been obliged to write to the Press to explain that although our Society is a purely philanthropic one, we cannot supply gratuitous literature to all applicants, and that private individuals who ask for our Guide Books and Pamphlets must enclose remittances to meet the cost of printing and posting the same.

We supply a very large number of public Institutions with our Magazine and other publications, and also spend much of our ammunition by keeping up a

continuous fire upon persons of influence who are likely to respond and help our Cause, but our Exchequer is much overdrawn, and we are therefore obliged to place limits even upon this form of gratuitous output of effort until a fund is placed at our disposal which will justify more extended operations.

* * *

**Our Press
Campaign.**

Letters and articles written by members of our Council, of our Staff, and of our Order, and by many of our friends and converts, have appeared in many of the most widely circulated newspapers; and thus a great influence has been exerted upon public thought and sentiment. Many public meetings have also been held or addressed by our band of workers.

My colleague, Dr. Oldfield, whose mental and literary output is truly phenomenal, and constitutes in itself a most powerful argument in favour of a well chosen fruitarian dietary, has been filling the columns of the more important newspapers and magazines with able presentations of our hygienic and humane ideals, and he is rapidly becoming recognized as being the chief dietetic specialist of the day, as well as an eminent and truly philanthropic Physician.

The fields are truly "white unto harvest," but alas, in view of the greatness of the work to be accomplished, and the needs of the situation, the labourers, although many, are still few. And there is need for every one of us to play a worthy part for the furtherance of this beneficent Reformation.

* * *

**Our
Editorial
Friends.**

By sending out presentation copies of the new edition of my Guide Book (with a personal letter and a copy of this Journal, to a hundred or two of the most prominent Editors of this and other countries some good work has been accomplished. Their minds have been impressed with the significance of our propaganda, and many have evidenced this fact by voluntarily printing very kind references to our Society and its Mission. To all such I would tender thanks on my own behalf and on that of my co-workers.

The triumph of our Cause can be much hastened by those who are leading and moulding the thought of Christendom from the Editorial chair, and I heartily invoke their powerful aid. I would also invite my comrades to spare no effort to win their interest and sympathy for our Movement.

* * *

**The
Salvation
Army.**

The great organization of toilers for the social redemption of the people, known as the Salvation Army, is doing magnificent work to hasten the dawning of a brighter day for the sorrow-stricken masses. Thousands of the submerged tenth of slumdom are being trained for useful service in our Colonies and are being shipped to the farm lands of Canada and elsewhere; thousands more are being helped 'back to the land' in our own country; unfortunate women are being rescued and restored to respectable situations; inebriates are being cured by religious influence, sympathetic help, and fruitarian diet; the hungry are being fed; the naked are being clothed, and the masses are having proclaimed to them God's truth concerning sin and its consequences, and a possible salvation for all.

And I am glad to be able to state that the great influence of the Leaders of the Army is being freely given to the furtherance of the Food Reformation. They realize the significance of this Movement in relation to Christian work, and are by their example and precept standing shoulder to shoulder with us in this fight against ancestral barbarism and physical transgression.

In the 62 journals published by the Army, the advantages of hygienic and humane diet are now being advocated, and the authorities at Headquarters have just ordered a large consignment of copies of my new Guide Book and have notified their intention to stock it at the Trade Department and to advertise it throughout the world. May God bless the Salvation Army, its General and his devoted Staff!

* * *

The Church Congress.

The attitude of the Committee of the Pan-Anglican Congress affords a melancholy contrast to that above mentioned. Having learned that the Agenda was now being arranged for the great ecclesiastical gathering in 1908, I sent a petition to the Committee containing the following paragraphs amongst others; and accompanied by a memorial signed by clergymen and ministers of all denominations.

"Considering the influence of such purification of diet on the spiritual life, its tendency to lessen carnal-mindedness, and to facilitate the development of spirituality, and also the fact that the wholesale massacre of animals for food purposes which now takes place, but which is totally unnecessary, is discordant with the humane life and teaching and spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ; and further considering that much human disease, demoralization, sin and sorrow are directly traceable to the prevalent carnivorous habit, and that this latter is not in harmony with the Creator's intention (seeing that man is acknowledged by the scientific world to be a frugivorous or fruit-eating animal), I respectfully urge the significance and importance of this subject, and declare that it is one which should be dealt with by the leaders of the Church without further delay.

So many thousands of Christ's earnest followers are now abstainers from flesh food which is gotten by needless cruelty, and are abstainers for the sake of humane, righteous, and Christian principle, that the ethics of diet can no longer safely be ignored by the Bishops of Christendom—especially as so many of the early Fathers of the Church and of the Apostles of our Lord practised such abstinence themselves and advocated it by their example and influence."

The answer I received makes the fact quite clear that the physical and moral health of the people of Christendom is a matter of small concern to this Committee of Church dignitaries, in comparison with matters theological and ecclesiastical. It is as follows:

"Pan Anglican Congress,

March 21/06.

Dear Sir,—I duly submitted your letter and your books and documents to the Pan-Anglican Congress Committee last Friday. They request me to say that it is not possible for them to entertain the subject of Vegetarianism or Health at the Congress.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. MONTGOMERY (*Bishop*),
Hon. Sec."

Let us hope that by the time the Congress meets in 1908, the growth of humane and hygienic sentiment in the minds of the public will have become so pronounced that the Fathers of the Church will be compelled (for the sake of their prestige as spiritual leaders and teachers of Righteousness) to follow in the wake of the Clerical and Lay Reformers who are seeking to turn Christendom from wanton cruelty and bloodshed, and from transgression of God's physical and moral Law.

Our National Drink Bill.

During the past six years the amount expended in alcoholic liquor in Great Britain has steadily decreased each year, notwithstanding the increase of the population. In 1899 the total was £185,927,227, but in 1905 the Drink Bill had fallen to £164,167,941—a decrease of 21 millions sterling. The reduction in 1905 alone was nearly five million pounds, and, therefore, the future prospect is most encouraging.

It is significant that this great reduction has taken place simultaneously with the rapid progress of the Food Reformation, but this might have been expected, for it is a well-known fact that nearly every man who becomes an abstainer from inflammatory and nerve-exciting flesh-food instinctively feels less craving for strong drinks, even if he does not become a teetotaler. A large percentage of abstainers from flesh give up alcohol as a beverage altogether, and the others generally continue the use only of light wines, such as claret, &c.

Those who have studied this important subject thoroughly, now realize that the Food Reform Movement is the key to the solution of the Drink Problem, and, therefore, has a claim upon the sympathy and aid of every true philanthropist and patriot.

* * *

Undressed Rice.

In India, China, and Japan, where rice is the chief staple article of food for the masses of the working population, it is eaten in a simpler and more nutritious form than in the West. Instead of being passed *twice* through a mill and then glazed, a process which takes off nearly all the glutinous husk and only leaves the starch, it is only *once* milled and is eaten without the addition of the glaze that gives it the polished appearance with which we are familiar in this country. It does not look so white and tasty as the twice-milled and glazed rice, as slight traces of the brown husk are here and there apparent (although the roughest part of the husk has been removed) and half-grains are not eliminated, but the cereal contains a far greater proportion of the proteid or albuminous element which is so essential for muscle and body building.

For a long time I have been trying to get rice in this condition imported into England, so that Fruitarians and other health seekers in this country may be able to obtain it, and my efforts have now been rewarded with success. At my suggestion the proprietors of the Pitman Health Food Stores, Corporation-street, Birmingham, have now arranged to import and stock it, and are listing it as "undressed rice," at 2½d. per lb. To encourage the public to try it they are offering to send 14lbs., carriage paid, to any address in England for 2s. 6d.—and thus it is brought within reach of all our readers who are seeking to live on simple and natural food.

* * *

The Fruitarian Hospital.

Many of the illustrated newspapers have recently printed photo pictures of the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Bromley, showing the Wards, the nurses at work, and the dainty fruitarian meals provided for the patients and staff. And the public have thus been made familiar with the important object lesson that is being furnished by Dr. Oldfield and his devoted co-workers concerning the healing efficacy of hygienic diet in the treatment of disease.

The following extract from the *Bromley Chronicle* suggests the thought that this Institution deserves a share of the support of all humane and philanthropic persons:—

The annual meeting of Governors was held in the Lady Lyveden Ward at the Hospital, on March 10th, Dr. Josiah Oldfield presiding. There was a large attendance of visitors, and Dr. Oldfield was supported, amongst others, by General Sir Edward Bulwer, K.C.B., Dr. Potts (Birmingham), Dr. Dhanavir (Padriham), Dr. Baty, of Lincoln's Inn (hon. standing counsel to the Hospital), and Mr. Beattie Nicholson (Town Clerk of Lowestoft).

Dr. Oldfield said he was sure everyone present would be sorry to hear that the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire was unavoidably prevented from attending the meeting.

In moving the adoption of the Report, he said one could not but feel a sense of very great gladness that another year had come to an end, and that that year had in every way been better than each of the preceding years. Whatever people might ask about the question of dietary was answered there by actual facts. Many people said, "Is it possible to give up eating meat when you have passed the middle span of life?" Had they asked him that twenty years ago he should have probably said, "It is a matter of great care to give up eating meat when you are over forty," but now, having had under his own hands over 2,000 patients in another Hospital and in this Hospital, all of whom from the moment they came within the walls had given up flesh food and had at once been put upon a purer, more sanitary and more hygienic dietary, he was able to speak from an experience which was probably unique, and his opinion was that 99 per cent.—and he had never yet met the 100th, but he allowed him for the sake of average—whatever age they might be, might give up without fear the flesh part of their diet, so only that they would take a carefully selected and rightly apportioned fruitarian dietary.

Since the Lady Margaret Hospital was founded in 1903, there had been nearly 500 in-patients—in the first year 63, in the second 171, and in the third year 185 and nearly 5,000 out-patients treated. In the first year there were 24 operations, in the second 134, and in the third year 100, and only two deaths had occurred—one a baby brought in while in a moribund condition, and the other an old lady who was in a hopeless state on admission.

The general experience was that a carefully selected fruitarian dietary, adapted to the needs of the patients, was exceedingly beneficial, both for medical and surgical cases, to ensure rapidity of recovery and the regaining of lost strength. Dr. Oldfield emphasized the importance of keeping out of debt, and considered it a disgrace to the administration of a Hospital to be always in debt, and always expecting the public to pay off the debt. The Lady Margaret Hospital only worked up to its income—about £600 a year.

The Nursing Staff were trained in domestic work and fruitarian cookery, as well as in nursing, and the aim was to turn them out fitted to become practical and economical heads of households of their own.

Mr. Beattie Nicholson (Town Clerk of Lowestoft), seconded the adoption of the Report and balance sheet, and congratulated the Staff and Management upon the good work that had been done in so short a time, and upon the financial soundness of the principles upon which they were proceeding.

The Report and the balance sheet were unanimously adopted.

Dr. Potts, in moving the election of Vice-Presidents and Members of the Council for 1906, said the longer he lived the more he became convinced of the value of the fruitarian diet in the treatment of disease, and he knew no other diet that was really consistent with perfect health. He moved that the following be elected Vice-Presidents:—Lady Margaret Campbell, Lady Margaret Rutherford, Lady Bentinck, Marchioness of Downshire, Countess of Derby, Countess of Yarborough, the Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Harriet Grove, Lady Evelyn Riddell, Lady Edith Fox Pitt, Lady Victoria Dannay, Lady Louisa Fielding, Lady Ashby, and the Hon. and Rev. Canon Lyttleton.

* * *

A Remarkable Book.

One of the most instructive, interesting and helpful books that has appeared since the new century was ushered in, has just been written by our gifted comrade, J. Howard Moore, Professor of Zoology at the Crane Training College, Chicago. It is entitled "The Universal Kinship," and will be recognised as the most important Text Book for humane education that has yet appeared.

The author who formerly occupied the chair of Sociology in Chicago University, has demonstrated in this volume of 340 pages, the physical, psychological, and ethical

kinship of the various inhabitants of our planet, and has done so in such a manner as not only to make every reader think, but also to feel very deeply about this great but much neglected subject.

Rich in anecdote and pathetic incident, filled with facts which are presented and classified in the most scholarly and fascinating manner, and characterized by the loftiest thought, the book is one that should be read in every home, used in every college, and placed in the hands of every boy and girl. And I invite every member of our Order and every reader of this Journal to aid the Humanitarian Movement, by making this book well known.

Several columns of illustrative extracts are given in some of our following pages, and the book can be obtained from our Book Department or from the Humanitarian League, for five shillings net, post free.

* * *

Flesh Traffic Horrors.

Distressing incidents illustrative of the cruelties which are daily taking place in connection with the meat supply are continuously being reported in the daily

Newspapers.

At Pershore, in Worcestershire, a poor bullock which refused to enter a slaughterhouse, fought so valiantly for its life that it received 18 bullets from a rifle before it could be overpowered and done to death by the knives of his brutal executioners.

Another case of similar atrocity was reported in London by the Medical Officer of Health who condemned the carcass of a Highland steer as being poisonous on account of the cruel torture to which it had been condemned. It appeared that it had formed an unit of a herd on the moors, and, being practically wild, these hapless victims were rounded off by beaters and then brought to their knees by shot guns (rifles being considered dangerous to the assistants). Eleven charges of buckshot had been fired into this terror-stricken and innocent animal before its throat could be cut and its poor mangled corpse transformed into "prime Scotch beef."

Such tragedies as these are taking place by tens of thousands every day, and will continue to take place until we can awaken the dormant conscience of a carnally-fed and carnally-minded Christendom by the proclamation of our humane evangel. Need we wonder that human disease and suffering are so prevalent?

* * *

The Hour of Opportunity.

A letter reached me a few weeks ago, from the Ex-President of the Chamber of Commerce of the N.W. Provinces of India, drawing my attention to the article published on page 42 concerning the evidences of the growth and progress of our Cause which are afforded by the increasing scarcity of hides. He writes:—

"You will notice with great pleasure, as I do, that the spread of the Food Reform Movement has already diminished the supply of hides by decreasing the demand for flesh food, chiefly bullock meal.

Since such remarkably good effects have resulted thereby, there is all the more reason why energetic measures should now be taken, so that all the white races of the world may realize how desirable it is, from a hygienic point of view to abstain from the use of flesh foods."

"We shall probably never be able to estimate even approximately the relative number of Converts to a non-flesh diet from the humane and hygienic propaganda . . . But be this as it may, our common object is to minimize the slaughter of God's defenceless creatures, and personally I shall be thankful for this object to be brought about irrespective of the cause."

Many of our readers will unite with me in responding to the sentiment thus expressed.

Now is undoubtedly the *hour of opportunity*. If only we could flood the thinking portion of the world with our literature we should win converts to a humane diet by tens of thousands. But the dissemination of missionary pamphlets and booklets is expensive work, even when only posted to persons of great influence and to such as are really likely to respond to our evangel.

Our staff at Headquarters are prepared to do the work to the full extent of their strength and ability, but our operations are necessarily restricted by the extent of our income.

If we had a fund of £10,000 placed at our disposal we could within a year or two make a profound impression upon the mind and conscience of Christendom, the beneficent results of which would be incalculable. And as I have, for more than ten years, voluntarily given the whole of my time and strength to this practical form of philanthropic and Christian endeavour, and have in addition, been the largest financial contributor to the cost of our propaganda, I feel that I need not hesitate to print this suggestive remark in the hope that some of our wealthier readers whose hearts are also enlisted in our Crusade may respond and thus strengthen our hands for the stupendous task that we as a Society have undertaken.

* * *

The following subscriptions and donations for the maintenance of our humane and philanthropic propaganda, and the furtherance of the general work of The Order have been received since the last issue of this Journal was published (exclusive of amounts received for literature and as subscriptions for *The Herald*). To all these friends and helpers the thanks of the Council are tendered.

Our advocacy of Reform by the circulation of educational literature in all parts of the world is being maintained and increased, but our Exchequer is still overdrawn.

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POVERTY OF SOUL.

There is a poverty far worse than the want of the goods of the Earth. It is the want of noble emotion for noble things; the poverty which is the absence of those capacities whereby we are ravished out of self and its desires into the worlds which are beyond all knowledge; those noble regions where dwell ideas and their forms which many call unreal, but which are, in reality, the substance of the shadow-world in which we think we live.

This, in all its forms, is the worst poverty which besets the modern world.

Stopford A. Brooke.

Universal Kinship.

Universal kinship means the kinship of all the inhabitants of the planet Earth.



Whether they come into existence among the waters or among the desert sands, in a hole in the earth, in the hollow of a tree, or in a palace; whether they build nests or empires; whether they swim, fly, crawl, or ambulate; and whether they realize it or not, they are all related, physically, mentally, morally.

However averse to accepting it we may be on account of favourite traditions, *man* is an animal in the most literal and materialistic meaning of the word.

Man's body is composed, fundamentally, of the same materials as the bodies of all other animals.

Man is a mammal. He belongs to the most brilliant and influential of the five classes of vertebrates—the class to which belong so many of his associates and victims, the class to which belong the horse, the dog, the deer, the ox, the sheep, the swine, the squirrel, the camel, the unattenuated elephant, and the timid-hearted hare.

Our Animal Relations.

The nearest relatives by blood, Man has in this world, are the exceedingly man-like apes, the tail-less anthropoids—the gorillas and chimpanzees of Africa, and the orangs and gibbons of southern and insular Asia.

The fact that Man is an actual relative and descendant of the Ape, is one of the most disagreeable of the many distasteful truths which the human mind in its evolution has come upon. To a vanity puffed, as is that of human beings, to the spitting, the consanguinity of gorilla and gentleman seems horrible. Man prefers to have arrived on the earth by way of a ladder let down by his imagination from the celestial concave.

Man is a talkative and religious ape. He is an ape, but with a much greater amount of enterprise and with a greater likelihood of being found in every variety of climate. Like the anthropoid, Man has a bald face and an obsolete tail. But he is distinguished from his arboreal relative by his arrogant bearing, his skilled larynx, and especially by the satisfaction he experiences in the contemplation of the image which appears when he looks in the mirror.

"The body of man and that of the anthropoids are not only peculiarly similar," says Haeckel, "but they are practically one and the same in every important respect. The same 200 bones in the same order and structure, make up our inner skeleton; the same 300 muscles effect our movements; the same hair clothes our skins; the same four-chambered heart is the central pulsometer in our circulation; the same 32 teeth are set in the same order in our jaws; the same salivary, hepatic and gastric glands compass our digestion; the same reproductive organs ensure the maintenance of our race."

Animals are Living Souls.

It is not necessary to be learned in Darwinian science in order to know that non-human beings have souls. Just the ordinary observation of them in their daily lives about us—in their goings, and comings, and doings—is sufficient to convince any person of discernment that they are beings with joys and sorrows, desires and capabilities, similar to our own.

No human being with a conscientious desire to learn the truth can associate intimately day after day with these people—associate as he himself would desire to be associated with in order to be interpreted, without presumption or reserve, in a kind, honest, straightforward, magnanimous manner; make them his friends and really enter into their inmost lives—without realizing that they are almost unknown by human beings, that they are constantly and criminally misunderstood, and that they are in reality beings actuated by substantially the same impulses and terrorised by approximately the same influences as we ourselves.

They eat and sleep, seek pleasure, and try to avoid pain, cling valorously to life; experience health and disease, get sea-sick, suffer hunger and thirst; co-operate with each other, build homes, reproduce themselves, love and provide for their children, feeding, defending and educating them; contend against enemies, contract habits, remember and forget, learn from experience, have friends and favourites, and pastimes; appreciate kindness, commit crimes, dream dreams, cry out in distress; are affected by alcohol, opium, strychnine and other drugs; see, hear, smell, taste and feel; are industrious, provident, and cleanly; have languages, risk their lives for others, manifest ingenuity, individuality, fidelity, affection, gratitude, heroism, sorrow, sexuality, self-control, fear, love, hate, pride, suspicion, jealousy, joy, reason, resentment, selfishness, curiosity, memory, imagination, remorse—all of these things, and scores of others, the same as human beings do.

The Human Habits of Anthropoids.

The anthropoid races have the same emotions, and the same ways of expressing those emotions as human beings have. They laugh in joy, whine in distress, shed tears, pout and apologise, and get angry when they are laughed at.

They have strong sympathy with their sick and wounded, and manifest towards their friends, and especially towards the members of their family, a devotion scarcely equalled amongst the lowest races of mankind.

They use rude tools, such as clubs and sticks, and resort to cunning and deliberation to accomplish their ends. The orang, when pursued, will throw sticks at his pursuers, and when wounded, and the wound does not prove instantly fatal, will sometimes press his hand upon the wound, or apply grass and leaves to stop the flow of blood.

The children of anthropoids wrestle with each other, and chase and throw each other, just as do the juveniles of human households. The gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang all build for themselves lodges made of broken boughs and leaves in which to sleep at night. These lodges, rude though they are, are not inferior to the habitations of many primitive men.

The gorilla and chimpanzee seem to mate for life. The former lives, as a rule, in single families, each family

consisting of a male and female and their children. During the day this primitive family roams through the forests of equatorial Africa in search of food, living on fruits and nuts and the tender shoots and leaves of plants. They are especially fond of sugar cane, which they eat in small boy fashion by chewing and discarding the juiceless pulp. Among the foods of the gorilla is a walnut-like nut which it cracks with stones.

As evening comes on the head of the family selects a sleeping place for the night. This is usually some low tree, with a dense growth at the top and protected as much as possible by higher trees from the chilly night wind. Here, on a bed of broken branches and leaves, the mother and little ones go to sleep, while the father devotedly crouches at the foot of the tree, with his back against the trunk, to guard his family from leopards and other nocturnal cut-throats who eat apes.

When the weather is stormy they cover themselves with dried pandanus leaves and keep off the rain.

Chimpanzee Characteristics. Brehm, who brought up a number of chimpanzees in his own home, as comrades and playmates of his children, and who studied them and associated with them for years, says:—"The chimpanzee is not only one of the cleverest of all creatures, but a being capable of deliberation and judgment. Everything he does is done consciously and deliberately.

"He looks upon all other animals except man as very inferior to himself. He treats children entirely different from grown up people. The latter he respects; the former he looks upon as comrades and equals. He is not merely inquisitive, he is greedy for knowledge. He can draw conclusions, can reason from one thing to another, and apply the results of experience to new circumstances. He is cunning, has flashes of humour, indulges in practical jokes, manifests moods, and is entertained in one company and bored in another.

"He is capable of deep gratitude, and he expresses it by shaking hands or kissing without being asked to do. He behaves towards his infants with touching tenderness.

"The behaviour of a sick and suffering chimpanzee is most pathetic. Begging piteously, almost humanly, he looks into his master's face, receives every attempt to help him with warmest thanks and soon looks upon his physician as a benefactor, holding out his arm to him, stretching out his tongue whenever told, often doing so on his own accord after a few visits from his physician.

"He swallows medicines readily, and often submits to surgical operations—in short behaves very like a human patient in similar circumstances. As his end approaches, he becomes more gentle, and the noble traits of his character stand out prominently."

The *New York Herald*, in its issue of July 2, 1901, contained an account of the death of Charlemagne, a chimpanzee who died a short time before at Grenoble, France. This anthropoid at the time of his death was the most popular inhabitant of the town. His popularity was due to his good-nature and intelligence, and especially to the fact that a few years before his death he had saved a child from drowning in a well. The ape saw the child fall, and without a moment's hesitation climbed down the rope used for the buckets, seized the child, and climbed out again by the same rope by which he had descended. The people of the town thought so much of him that they

followed his remains to the grave, and the Municipal Council voted to erect a bronze statue to his memory.

A heartless hunter, maybe one of those assassins who fill the wilds with widows and orphans in the name of science—tells of the murder of a mother chimpanzee and her baby in Africa. The mother was high up in a tree with her little one in her arms. She watched intently, and with signs of the greatest anxiety, the hunter as he moved about beneath, and when he took aim at her the poor doomed thing motioned to him with her hand precisely in the manner of a human being, to have him desist and go away.

According to Emin Pasha, who was for a number of years Governor of an Egyptian province on the Upper Nile, and whom Stanley made his last expedition to "rescue," chimpanzees sometimes make use of fire. He told Stanley that, when a tribe of chimpanzees, who resided in a forest near his camp, came at night to get fruit from the orchards, they always came bearing torches to light them on their way. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes" he declares, "I never could have believed that these beings have the power of making fire." This same authority relates that on one occasion a band of chimpanzees descended upon his camp and carried off a drum. The marauders went off in great glee, beating the drum as they retreated. He says he heard them several times after that, at night, beating their drum, in the forest.

The Unknown Monkey Tribes.

The monkeys are little inferior to the man-like races in their intelligence and in the general similarity of their feelings and instincts to those of men.

Monkeys live in tribes, and at the head of each tribe is an old male chief, who has won his place by his strength, courage and ability. Monkeys have excellent memories and keen observation, and are able to recognize their friends in a crowd even after long absences. They are proverbially imitative, and have a strong desire for knowledge, and are exceedingly sensitive and sympathetic in their natures.

Sympathy and curiosity, the two most prominent traits in simian psychology, are, significantly, the two most important facts in the psychology of man. Sympathy and curiosity lie at the foundation of human civilization; sympathy at the foundation of morals, and curiosity of invention and science.

Monkeys are the most affectionate of all animals excepting dogs and men. This affection reaches its culmination, as among men, in the love of the mother for her child. The mother monkey's little one is the object of her constant care and affection. She nurses and bathes it, licks it and cleans its coat, and folds it in her arms and rocks it as if to lull it to sleep, just as human mammas do. She divides every bite with her little one, but does not hesitate to chastise it with slaps and pinches when it is rude. The monkey child is generally very obedient, obedient enough for an example to many a human youngster.

"Very touching," says Brehm, from whom many of the foregoing facts are gleaned, "is the conduct of the mother when her baby is obviously suffering. And if it dies she is in despair. For hours, and even for days, she carries the little corpse about with her, refuses all food, sits indifferently in the same spot, and often literally pines to death."

Orphan monkeys, according to Brehm, are often adopted by the tribe, and carefully looked after by the other monkeys, both male and female. The great mass of human beings, who know about as much about the real emotional life of monkeys as wooden Indians do, are inclined to pass over lightly all displays of feeling by these people of the trees. But the poet knows, and the prophet knows, and the world will one day understand, that in the gentle bosoms of these wild woodland mothers glow the antecedents of the same impulses as those that cast that blessed radiance over the lost paradise of our own sweet childhood.

The mother monkey who gathered green leaves as she fled from limb to limb, and frantically stuffed them into the wound of her dying baby in order to stanch the cruel rush of blood from its side, all the while uttering the most pitiful cries and casting reproachful glances at her human enemy, until she fell with her darling in her arms and a bullet in her heart, had in her simian soul just as genuine mother-love, and love just as sacred, as that which burns in the breast of woman.

The affection of monkeys is not confined to the love of the mother for her child, but exists among the different members of the same tribe, and extends even to human beings—especially to those who make any pretensions to do to them as they would themselves be done by. The following account of the attachment of a male monkey for his murdered consort is a pitiful tale of human inhumanity and of simian tenderness and devotion:

"A member of a shooting party killed a female monkey, and carried her body to his tent under a banyan tree. The tent was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and threatened to attack the aggressor. When he presented his fowling-piece, the fearful effects of which they had just witnessed, and appeared perfectly to understand, they retreated. The leader of the troop, however, stood his ground, threatening and chattering furiously. At last, finding threats of no avail, the broken-hearted creature came to the door of the tent, and began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive signs seemed to beg for the dead body of his beloved. It was given to him. He took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expecting companions."

The chattering of monkeys is not, as is vulgarly supposed, meaningless vocalisation. It is language. It is meaningless to human ears for the same reason that the chattering of Frenchmen is meaningless to Americans—because human beings are foreigners. The conversation of monkeys is to convey thought.

Every species that thinks and feels has means for conveying its thoughts and feelings, and the means for this exchange, whether it be sounds, symbols, gestures, or grimaces, is language. Mr. Garner, who has so long and so sympathetically associated with monkeys, has been able to translate a number of their words and to enter into slight communication with them.

The Heroism and Devotion of Dogs.

Many a deed has been done by dogs which would, if done by men, have been honoured by the Order of the Victoria Cross. In devotion the dog is superior to all other animals, not even excepting man. "How could one get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity, and malice of mankind," exclaimed Schopenhauer in one of his inspired moments, "if there

were no dogs into whose honest faces he could look without distrust?"

A dog will follow a handful of rags wrapped around a homeless beggar, day after day, through heat and cold and storm and starvation, just as faithfully as he will follow the purple of a king.

The dog who stood over the lifeless body of his master, grieving for recognition and starting at every flutter of his garments, till he himself died of starvation, had in his faithful breast a nobler heart than that which beats in the bosom of most men. And the devotion of Greyfriars Bobby, who every night for twelve years, in all kinds of weather, slept on his master's grave, was well worthy the marble tribute which to-day stands in Edinburgh to his memory.

There has never been recorded in the history of the world an instance of more extravagant trust and devotion than that told of the canine companion of a certain vivisector, which licked the hand of his master while undergoing the crime of being cut to pieces. Such deeds of self-sacrifice remind one of the tales told of imaginary saints. But they are the deeds of 'only dogs'—of beings whom half the world look upon with indifference and contempt, and whom the other half would feel, if they came within reach, under the strictest obligation to kick.

But of one thing I am positive, and that is, that there are the same grounds precisely for believing in the immortality of the bird and the quadruped as there are for the belief in human immortality. And it is delightful to find great thinkers like Haeckel, great biologists and philosophers, holding the same conviction.

The Loves of the Bird Tribes.

The love of a bird for the treasures of her nest is one of the most beautiful things of this world. Mother-like, the parent bird will do anything almost for the sake of her little ones. Who has not seen the kildeer strive with all the tact of her clever little soul to allure some big giant of a human being, who has wandered into her neighbourhood, away from her nest of precious young. Many a time, as a boy on the farm, I have followed one of these birds limping and tumbling and fluttering along on the ground a few feet ahead of me, utterly disabled, as I supposed, but always just managing to keep just a little beyond the reach of my eager hands. And when the artful mother has led me far from the sacred spot where lay all there was in this world to her, how triumphantly she has lifted herself on her unharmed wings and, to my utter astonishment, sailed away.

If by some accident one finds her nest (and the nest is so cleverly concealed that, if it is discovered at all, it will be by pure accident), the resourceful mother is ready with other expedients to outwit you.

Human beings, true to their instinct never to call into action their ability to think if they can employ their faculty for nonsense instead, call this love of the mother bird 'machinery.' But there are some of us (and our numbers are increasing) who are disposed to put off the adoption of this conclusion until we go mad.

The bird builds her nest, weaving it of the rarest fibres. She hides it in the copse or prudently hangs it far out on some inaccessible bough. She lays her beautiful eggs, and hatches them with the warmth and life of her own breast. She tends her young, bringing them food and drink, and watching over them with a tender and tireless vigilance. She protects them in storm with

her own little body, worries about them when danger lurks, and dreams of them, no doubt, as she rocks and sleeps under the silent stars. She sings to them in the overflow of her gladness and hope, and risks her very existence to shield them from harm.

As the days of summer shorten, and the cool, long nights warn of approaching autumn, she leads her children away from the old place, she and her faithful mate, out into the wide old world. And I say there is love in the heart of that mother as truly as in the heart of woman, and there are joy and genuineness and sorrow and fidelity in that sylvan home more sacred than may sometimes bloom in the cold mansions of men.

Conjugal love is also very strong in many of the feathered races, especially among those in which the wedding is for successive seasons or for life. The pining of love-birds for their dead sweethearts is well known.

The following account of the devotion of a widowed pigeon for her deceased consort sounds like a tale of human woe:—

"A man set to watch a field much patronised by pigeons shot an old male pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, whom he had nourished with his own crop and had assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side. She refused to leave him, and manifested her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird and hung it on a stake. The widow still refused to forsake her husband, and continued day after day slowly walking around the stake on which his body hung. The kind-hearted wife of the farmer heard of the matter, and went to the relief of the stricken bird. On arriving at the spot she found the poor bird still watching at the side of her dead. She was much spent with her long fasting and grief. She had made a circular beaten track around the corpse of her companion."

And these are the beings whose bones men jest over at their feasts, and brutes shoot for pastime on human holidays.

Anthropo- centric Vanity and Illusion.

It is enough. The ancient gulf scooped by human conceit between man and the other animals has been effectually and for ever filled up. The human species constitutes but *one branch* in the gigantic arbour of life. And all the merit and all the feeling and all the righteousness of the world are not, as we have been accustomed to aver, congested into this one branch. And all of the weakness and deformity are not, as we have also been anxious to believe, found elsewhere.

The reluctance of wrinkles and deformities to appear in the pictures of men, and of strength and beauty to appear in the representations of the other races of the earth, is to be accounted for by the highly elucidative fact that man is the universal portrait painter. There is no one to tell man what he is and how he strikes others, and hence he is the "paragon of creation"—the interstellar pet, half clay and half halo—the image and pride of the gods—the flower and gem of the eternal spheres.

Man is the only professional linguist in the universe. And it is fortunate for him that he is. For, if he were not, his auditories would be compelled to carry to his perceptive centres a great many sentiments he now never hears. He would be likely to hear a good deal said, and

said with a good deal of feeling, about perpendicular brigand—grandiloquent kakistocrat swelling with self-righteousness—rhetorical hideful wrapped in pillage and gorged with decomposition.

Let us be candid. Men are not all gentle men and humane, and not-men are not all inhuman. There are reptiles in broadcloth, and there are warm and generous hearts among those peoples who have so long suffered from human prejudice and ferocity.

Let us label things by what they are—by the *souls* that are in them and the *deeds* they do—not by their *colour*, which is pigment, nor by their *composition*, which is clay.

There are philanthropists in feathers and patricians in fur, just as there are cannibals in the pulpit, and saurians among the money-changers.

The Golden Rule may sometimes be more religiously observed in the hearts and homes of outcast quadrupeds than in the palatial lairs of bipeds.

A Plea for Justice and Right Sentiment.

Let us be honest. Honour to whom honour is due. It will not emaciate our own glory to recognise the excellence and reality of others, or to come face to face with our own frailties. We are our brother's keeper. Our brethren are they that *feel*. Let us universalise. Our thoughts and sympathies have been too long wingless.

If human beings could only realize what it means to live in a world and associate day after day with other beings more intelligent and powerful than themselves, and yet be regarded by these more intelligent individuals simply as merchandise to be bought and sold, or as targets to be shot at, they would hide their guilty heads in shame and horror.

All beings are *ends*; no creatures are *means*. All beings have not equal rights, neither have all men; but *all have rights*. *The Life Process is the End*—not man, nor any other animal temporarily privileged to weave a world's philosophy. Non-human beings were not made for human beings.

Just as the sidereal spheres were once supposed by the childish mind of man to be unsubstantial satellites of the earth, but are known by man's riper understanding to be worlds with missions and materialities of their own, and of such magnitude and number as to render terrestrial insignificance frightful, so the billions that dwell in the seas, fields, and atmospheres of the earth were in like manner imagined by the illiterate children of the race to be the mere trinkets of man, but are now known by all who can interpret the new revelation to be beings with substantially the same origin, the same natures, structures, and occupations, and the same general rights to life and happiness as we ourselves.

In their phenomena of life the inhabitants of the earth display endless variety. They swim in the waters, soar in the skies, squeeze among the rocks, clamber among the trees, scamper over the plains, and glide among the grounds and grasses. But they are all the children of a common Mother and the co-tenants of a common World.

Why they are here in this world rather than some place else; why the world in which they find themselves is so full of the undesirable; and whether it would not have been better if the ball on which they ride and riot had been in the beginning sterilised, are problems too

deep and baffling for the most of them. But since they *are* here, and since they are too proud or too superstitious to die, and are surrounded by such cold and wolfish immensities, what would seem more proper than for them to be kind to each other, and helpful, and dwell together as loving and forbearing members of One Great Family?

The Golden Rule. ACT TOWARD OTHERS AS YOU WOULD ACT TOWARD A PART OF YOUR OWN SELF.

This is The Great Law, the all-inclusive gospel of social salvation. It is the rule of social rectitude and perfection which has been held up in greater or less perfection in all ages by the sages and prophets of the human species.

Look upon and treat others as you do your own hands, your own eyes, your very heart and soul—with infinite care and compassion—as suffering and enjoying members of the same Great Being with yourself. This is the spirit of the Ideal Universe—the spirit of your own being. It is this alone that can redeem this world, and give to it the peace and harmony for which it longs. Yes,

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."

Oh the madness, and sorrow, and unbrotherliness of this mal-wrought world! Oh the poor, weak, poisoned, monstrous natures of its children! Who can look upon it all without pain, and sympathy, and consternation and tears?

Yes, do as you would be done by—and *not* to the dark man and the white woman alone, but to the sorrel horse and the grey squirrel as well; not to the creatures of your own anatomy only, but to *all* creatures. You cannot go high enough, nor low enough, nor far enough to find those whose bowed beings will not rise up at the coming of the kindly heart, or whose souls will not shrink and darken at the touch of inhumanity.

Live and help live. Do more. Do to beings below you as you would be done by beings above you. Pity the tortoise, the katydid, the wild-bird, and the ox. Poor, undeveloped, untaught creatures! Into their dim and lowly lives strays of sunshine little enough, though the fell hand of man be never against them. They are our fellow-mortals. They came out of the same mysterious womb of the past, are passing through the same dream, and are destined to the same melancholy end, as we ourselves. Let us be kind and merciful to them.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

Let us be true to our ideals, true to the spirit of Universal Compassion—whether we walk with the lone worm wandering in the twilight of consciousness, the feathered forms of the fields and forests, the kine of the meadows, the simple savage on the banks of the gladed river, the political blanks whom men call wives, or the outcasts of human industry.

Oh this poor world, this poor, suffering, ignorant, fear-filled world! How can men be blind or deranged enough to think it is a good world? How can they be cold and satanic enough to be unmoved by the groans and anguish, the writhing and tears, that come up from its unparalleled afflictions?

The Coming Golden Age. But the world is growing better. And in the Future—in the long, long ages to come —IT WILL BE REDEEMED! The same spirit of sympathy and fraternity that broke the black man's manacles and is to-day melting the white woman's chains, will to-morrow emancipate the working man and the ox; and, as the ages bloom and the great wheels of the centuries grind on, the same spirit shall banish Selfishness from the earth, and convert the planet finally into one unbroken and unparalleled spectacle of PEACE, JUSTICE, and SOLIDARITY.

J. Howard Moore.

The Flesh Traffic Decreasing.

A most encouraging article was recently published in the *India Daily Telegraph*. It is well calculated to increase our faith and our efforts to promote humanity in diet.



The following extracts are suggestive of the future prospects of our Crusade against the flesh traffic and the horrors involved in it.

"That the world's hide supply is short, and will be shorter, there is no question, and we must look further for the cause than the famine in Rajputana some five or six years ago, and the unfavourable years for cattle breeding have since intervened.

The chief cause of the shortage will be found in the fact that both in America and England, the two great beef-consuming countries of the world, much less meat is consumed now *per capita*, than at any other period during the last fifty years or more.

The Anglo-Saxon race has, during the last few years, through the teaching of food-reformers, become cognizant of the fact that they have been consuming flesh food in too large quantities, and on all sides people are realizing that it would be better, for hygienic reasons, to wholly, or at least partially, abstain from its use.

Here are a few extracts from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, reporting an interview with Mr. J. G. Lockwood, the editor of the well-known Chicago trade paper, *Hide and Leather*. Mr. Lockwood, asked as to what had really brought about the scarcity of hides and the consequent high prices, said:

"The answer is very simple. It is just this—the consumption of beef *per capita* is rapidly decreasing, while the consumption of leather *per capita* is rapidly increasing . . . People (and in America it is very marked), are eating much less meat than formerly; they require another kind of food altogether from the roast beef of England. It is not that people are unable to purchase meat, they find themselves able to do their work better on another class of food.

"When eighty-five millions of people are doing this it must have a great effect on the cattle killed, for you cannot expect the butcher to slaughter a seventy-dollar steer to obtain a ten dollar hide . . . Cattle rearing is quickly being given up to the cultivation of fruit and poultry, and soon there will not be a cowboy left in the States."

"Mr. Lockwood may be regarded as one of the world's greatest living authorities on the hide question and we may take it for granted that he knows thoroughly well what he is talking about, and we may be sure that he has not over-estimated the gravity of the position.

We may, moreover, be equally sure that this Movement, which has already had such an extraordinary effect on the leather market, is as yet but in its infancy and that it will spread indefinitely.

Copious literature on the necessity of food-reform is scattered broadcast among the people, and rational ideas on the subject are being formed and put into practice by all classes. The propagandists are having their writings translated into all the European languages, and the Movement seems destined to spread to the entire population represented by the white races of the world.

It is easy to conceive that if a comparatively obscure Movement has already resulted in a considerable reduction in the consumption of flesh foods, and a decrease in the world's hide supply to the extent of many millions of pieces per annum, a well-organized propaganda for the general enlightenment of the people of England, America, and other civilised countries of the world, will probably mean the practical destruction of the hide supply from these countries."

The Diet of Super-man.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw addressed the London Vegetarian Association on March 2nd, and was in one of his most whimsical moods.



After expressing his conviction that the diet of the higher man—the super-man—will be vegetarian, he is reported to have made the following remarks amongst many others:—

"It seems only a very short time since I gave up the habit of eating my fellow-beings. As a matter of fact, it is a quarter of a century, almost to the day. Twenty-five years ago there was, I believe, only one vegetarian restaurant in London, and it was a place where you paid 1s. and got 11½d. worth of food and ¾d. worth of the ordinary amenities and decencies of table service.

"Now 11½d. worth of vegetarian food will provide nourishment for two regiments. I fear there can be very few survivors of the old régime still living.

"To-day, I rejoice to say, there are vegetarian restaurants where, if you pay 1s. you get in return 6d. of it in nice table-cloth, knives and forks, and a young lady to attend.

"Beginners have a stupid idea that they are starting on a second-class sort of diet, and nearly always over-eat themselves. I have known really tragic cases resulting from the first vegetarian dinner.

A Scarcity of Meat-Eaters.

"But I now detect a change in the attitude towards a non-flesh diet. I am beginning to be astonished at the difficulty I now have in finding anybody who eats meat. People do not call themselves vegetarians, but they adopt a non-flesh, non-fish, non-fowl, anti-uric acid diet, and despise the ordinary vegetarian. Even I am regarded as a fossil who has wallowed in lentils for twenty-five years, by the people I meet in society who are only eating cheese and macaroni.

"I desire to suggest that vegetarians should give up their absurd habit of saying 'Why, vegetarianism is a scientific thing!' Meat eating is just as scientific as vegetarianism. It is the *quality* of life that is affected by diet.

There are two kinds of people in the world—the higher and the lower. The lower craves after meat; the higher does not like it. I do not like meat, and never did. But if I announced this as the reason why I do not eat flesh, I should be regarded as one of those infamous persons who has no idea of self-sacrifice."

A Modest Confession of Faith.

"It seems to me, looking at myself, that I am a remarkably superior person, when you compare me with other writers, journalists, and dramatists—and I am perfectly content to put this down to my abstinence from meat. That is the simple and modest ground on which we should base our non-meat diet.

"The higher organism is more sensitive, more highly strung. It will not be more robust. So far from wishing to accommodate twenty people, two elephants, and a grand piano on his chest, like Sandow does, the higher man will even object to carry a brown paper parcel.

"I resent the attempt to make me muscular. I want to be ethereal.

"The only two vegetarians the ordinary journalist has ever heard of are Tolstoi and me. The consequence is the papers are always saying our health has broken down. Well, I do overwork myself continually, because there is a very great deal of intellectual work to be done in the world, and, so far as I can make out, no one is prepared to do it but myself.

"The meat-eater adapts himself to our abominable social conditions. Personally, my higher organism requires a better ventilated city and improved habits among the population. Had I not the constitution of a horse, I should have broken down through living in the conditions created by meat-eaters.

"Let us acknowledge that we are vegetarians because meat-eating is repugnant to our nature, and having said that, let us insist that our nature is the *higher* nature.

"Let us give up all our insufferable nonsense about hydro-carbons, nitrogens, and all the rest of it, which we have been stuffing down people's throats for so long. Let us take more frankly the humanitarian side of the question, and say that the eating of meat involves a very large amount of cruelty and suffering to animals.

"We stand in a condition of public disgrace, because we have forgotten the position which we first took up, and because we have tried to reply to scientific nonsense by scientific argument, which is just as nonsensical and silly."

Announcements.

This Journal is regularly supplied (gratuitously) to upwards of One Thousand Public Institutions in this and other lands, such as Free Libraries, Institutes, University Colleges, etc.

Bound volumes for 1904-5 are all sold. Volumes for 1898, 1899, and 1903, can still be obtained, Price 3/-, post free.

Readers are invited to present copies of this issue of *The Herald* to thoughtful or influential friends and acquaintances or to ask them to purchase one. A dozen copies will be sent post free for this purpose by our Secretary upon receipt of half a crown. All may thus help forward our humane Cause.

The Secretary cannot undertake to supply books which are not advertised as being stocked in our Book Room—unless in very special instances.

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The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world, gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends.

American and Colonial Friends will oblige by refraining from sending coins enclosed in letters, as the English Postal Authorities charge a fee of fivepence. Greenbacks, or postal orders, should be sent.

Publications Received.

"A Golden Afternoon" and other Stories. By Miss Philippa Forrest and other authors. (Percy Lund and Co., 3, Amen Corner, London, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. nett.)

A charming book for the young folks. Quaintly illustrated, and filled with idyllic and beautiful thoughts concerning nature, animals, fairies, good spirits, and high ideals.

"Self-Synthesis, a Means of Perpetual Life." By Dr. Cornwell Round. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London. 1s.)

A suggestive booklet containing practical hints concerning the prolongation of the physical life by means of self-suggestion and the power of self-controlled thought.

"Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning." By T. Troward. (Stead, Danby and Co., 4, Kensington High Street, London. Price 4s.)

A series of lectures for advanced students on the metaphysical meaning of Bible teaching.

"Vegetarian versus Meat Diet." By D. D. Jussawalla. (From Author, Sleator Road, Tardeo, Bombay. Price 6d.)

"The One Thing Needful" and "A Great Iniquity." By Leo Tolstoi. (Free Age Press, 13, Paternoster Row. 4d. each.)

"Cycling: Its Scientific Principles Explained." By W. K. Fulleylove, Broadgate, Coventry. (Price 6d.)

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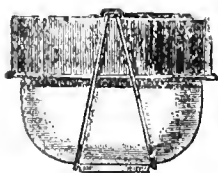
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